The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

DAVID HOYT

French hornist

with KENNETH MURDOCH, pianist

and

ARTHUR QUERENGESSER, tenor

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata for Horn and Piano, Op. 17<br>Allegro moderato<br>Poco adagio, quasi andante<br>Rondo: Allegretto moderato | L. van Beethoven |
| Canticle III, Op. 55 ("Still falls the Rain"),<br>for Tenor, Horn and Piano<br>(words by Edith Sitwell - see reverse side) | Benjamin Britten |

INTERMISSION

| | |
|---|---|
| Concerto No. 1 in E flat major, Op. 11<br>Allegro<br>Andante<br>Rondo: Allegro | Richard Strauss |

---

Friday, July 2, 1971
8:30 p.m.

Convocation Hall
Arts Building

# CANTICLE III

## Still falls the Rain (The Raids, 1940. Night and Dawn)

Still falls the Rain -
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss -
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain
With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the hammer-beat
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet

On the Tomb
Still falls the Rain
In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and the human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain
At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross.
Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy on us -
On Dives and on Lazarus:
Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.

Still falls the Rain -
Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wounded Side:
He bears in His Heart all wounds - those of the light that died,
The last faint spark
In the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad uncomprehending dark,
The wounds of the baited bear -
The blind and helpless bear whom the keepers beat
On his helpless flesh . . . the tears of the hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain -
Then - O Ile leape up to my God: who pulls me doune - ? -
See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament:
It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree
Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart
That holds the fires of the world - dark-smirched with pain
As Caesar's laurel crown.

Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man
Was once a child who among beasts has lain -
'Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood, for thee.'

Edith Sitwell

Poem from 'The Canticle of the Rose'.